Cup. 21. g. 40/40

THE GLORIOUS YEAR.

By *J. P.*

To the Tune of the T——S are Confounded.

NOW, now is come the Glorious Year
When State-Betrayers only fear
And *Britain*'s Sons in Smiles appear
While boundleſs Bleſſings wait here
For Royal GEORGE is on the Throne,
Before the Nation's quite undone,
Then, Lads, where-e're you ſee a Frown,
Be ſure you ſee a Traytor.

Not that a ſmiling Aſpect can
For certain prove an honeſt Man,
Since thoſe have Looks at moſt Command,
Who act the vileſt Part ſtill.
Did not L. Ox----d ſmooth his Face,
And laugh, as if in no Diſgrace;
Yet believe me, Friend, 'tis all Grimace,
To keep the Foe in Heart ſtill.

Nay, with Deſign to play this Game,
The baffled Wretch to *Greenwich* came,
(As if out of place, ſo free from Blame;)
But let no *Britain* wonder:
For Fate its Orders thus has laid,
Whom it deſtroys, it firſt makes mad,
Or a vile Blaſphemer never had,
Thus fac'd the rowling Thunder.

His Friends indeed believ'd the Cheat,
And fancy'd ſtill to keep their State,
As if a King would make them great,
who wiſh'd him never able:
Or was it Satyr-like deſign'd
To intimate the Monarch blind,
Not wiſely knowing Foe from Friend,
Like Doctor *Bungey*'s Rabble.

But he has took away the Doubt,
For *Townſend*'s in, and *Gambol* out,
And the whole *French* Party's put to Rout
By a Hand that right diſpenſes.
Nor paſt in Silence let it be,
That Juſtice now once more can ſee,
And in Concluſion, happily
We all may find Five Senſes.

Now let all honeſt *Britains* join,
And drink with grateful Hearts, as mine,
To him who form'd the great Deſign,
And ſav'd us by his Merit.
But who's this mighty, mighty he,
Name *Halifax*, and I'll agree,
Who favour has found in our Deity,
And been our Guardian Spirit.

A Health to all, whom of his Grace,
The King has choſe to put in Place,
To ſave *Britannia* and her Race,
From Dangers that beſet her:
Thoſe that were in, did act ſo ill,
To change for worſe required Skill;
But GEORGE has made it harder ſtill
To change theſe for the better.